

range of disciplines to examine leadership competencies, civic responsibility, community and family values, as well as a number of other topics important to America's youth.

During the program, these future leaders will explore such issues as how to: achieve a smaller, more effective government; reduce the burden of taxes on America's working families; reform the IRS; improve education and expand learning opportunities; and, combat violence and drugs in schools.

Mr. President, this sounds like our Senate's agenda.

These students will also meet with local, state, and national leaders to reflect on issues that truly matter—such as family, faith and freedom. As you know, family, faith and freedom must be the cornerstone of our public policy.

Mr. President, I think this is an outstanding initiative and commend the efforts of the Leadership Training Institute for offering this model program to Mississippi's youth.

These young achievers are our nation's future business executives and public officials. It gives me great hope for America's future to know that these young minds are being exposed to the challenging programs being offered by the Leadership Training Institute. I firmly believe that each student who graduates from the Institute will possess the strong, solid moral and value driven foundation needed to guide our nation into the next century.

Again, I want to express my deep appreciation to the Leadership Training Institute for Youth for conducting this exemplary program.

#### ELOQUENT TRIBUTES TO SENATOR ABE RIBICOFF

Mr. KENNEDY. Mr. President, earlier this year, the Senate lost one of our ablest, most respected, and most beloved former colleagues, Senator Abraham A. Ribicoff of Connecticut.

Senator Ribicoff served his constituents and his country with extraordinary distinction over a career that spanned more than four decades. His interests ranged far and wide, and his achievements were legion in both domestic and foreign policy. He led the effort to establish the Departments of Education and Energy. He was a consistent and eloquent advocate for civil rights, and an opponent of bigotry in all its forms. He was a brilliant leader in advancing the cause of peace in the Middle East. In these and many other ways, he was a giant for the people of Connecticut and the nation.

For my family, Senator Ribicoff was far more than the distinguished leader of a neighboring state. He was a loyal friend and trusted adviser, and one of President Kennedy's closest and most loyal friends.

My brother had immense respect for him. They had served together in the House of Representatives in the 1940's and early 1950's. After Congressman Ribicoff went on to become Governor of

Connecticut, and my brother was elected to the Senate, they continued their close ties.

At the Democratic Convention in 1956, Abe encouraged Jack to run for Vice President. Four years later, Abe was one of my brother's strongest supporters in his 1960 campaign for the White House.

When Jack became President in 1961, he chose Governor Ribicoff to join his Cabinet as Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare, and he did an outstanding job. But in many ways, he was a legislator at heart. He was elected to the Senate in 1962, the same year I was elected, and we served together for 18 beautiful years until he retired in 1980. In a sense, I inherited Abe from Jack, and our friendship was all the stronger because of that.

At Senator Ribicoff's funeral, our colleague Senator DODD and U.S. Circuit Judge Jon O. Newman delivered eloquent eulogies that captured the essence of Abe's remarkable public life. I ask unanimous consent that these moving tributes be printed in the RECORD.

There being no objection, the tributes were ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

EULOGY FOR SENATOR ABRAHAM A. RIBICOFF  
(By Senator Christopher J. Dodd)

The sadness of losing our friend Abraham Ribicoff is reflected in the faces gathered here today. Whether you called him Governor, Senator, or simply Abe, as the people of Connecticut did for more than four decades, he was truly in a class by himself. We are thus gathered to honor the memory of an outstanding American.

Abe Ribicoff believed fervently that the highest calling one can have in American life is public service.

He is the only person in our Nation's history to have served as a state legislator, a municipal judge, a United States Representative, a Governor, a Cabinet Secretary, and a United States Senator.

As many of you recall—Abe had a gift of giving speeches short and to the point. He had to. It took so long to introduce him properly.

But to appreciate Abraham Ribicoff, it is important to understand that he did more than occupy an impressive collection of public offices. What distinguished Abe Ribicoff from his peers, both past and present, is not the number of offices he held, but the manner in which he held them.

In Abe Ribicoff's politics, there was no place for meanness, no place for personal attacks. Abe understood the importance of public opinion. But he never relied on polls to shape his political decisions.

Abe was guided in his life's work by integrity, candor, high principle, and a deeply-held belief in the goodness and decency of Americans.

I remember his 80th birthday celebration. It was a wonderful evening, Casey. He spent a good deal of his remarks reminiscing. Not about his work

on the great issues of his day, nor the times he spent with Prime Ministers and Presidents. Abe Ribicoff spoke at length that evening about John Moran Bailey, the legendary Democratic party chairman from Connecticut. In John Bailey, Abe recognized a master of the political craft.

Now, why do I mention this? Because to have a true understanding of the man, Abe Ribicoff, you must begin with this fact: Abe loved politics. At his core, Abe Ribicoff was a first class politician: a quality shared by all great political leaders.

And Abe had uncanny political instincts. Abe could size up a situation, or spot a shift in opinion, on just the slightest whiff of information.

Yet his gift was not to just understand swings in public mood, but to anticipate them, and then shape those swings for the public good.

He was always several steps ahead of the average politician, but never out of step with the American people.

Allow me to illustrate what I mean.

In 1954, Abe won his first race for Governor by less than one percentage point. Then he went out and told the Connecticut State Police to arrest people who exceeded the speed limit. There are probably people here who can attest to the vigor and extent of that effort. His allies said the public would never support him.

Abe thought differently. As one historian said, Abe had "an unerring instinct for the right move at the right time in the complicated game of politics."

His get-tough policy saved lives, and it was extremely popular with the people of Connecticut.

One of the defining moments in Abe's public life took place in 1968 at the Democratic National Convention.

Here was a man—a first-term Senator, not unaware that he was confronting the National leadership of his party—willing to stand and make a public plea for civility.

In doing so, he appealed to what is best about our Nation and ourselves—our capacity for tolerance and understanding, our belief that, in a truly civilized society, we live by the rule of law, not the rule of force.

In that moment, America learned what his family, his friends, and the people of Connecticut had long known—Abe Ribicoff was a National gift.

On another occasion during Abe's tenure in the Senate, Mississippi Senator John Stennis introduced a resolution calling for northern and southern schools to be integrated at the same speed. The resolution was seen as pure symbolism designed to embarrass northern liberals.

Abe Ribicoff confounded everyone. He supported Stennis. "The North", Abe said, "is guilty of monumental hypocrisy." Thanks largely to him, the resolution passed. And thanks to Abe Ribicoff, the Senate went back to work debating civil rights, not symbols.

Time and time again during his Senate years, Abe demonstrated his considerable political skills and his remarkable sense of timing. His Senate colleagues—regardless of political party—and Presidents—irrespective of political persuasion—looked to Abe Ribicoff for leadership.

He created the Departments of Energy and Education. He took the Tokyo Round trade legislation through the Senate, advancing the global trade that today strengthens prosperity in our country and so many others.

Abe Ribicoff met with Anwar Sadat and saw in him a man seriously interested in peace—and Abe had the strength to say so, controversial as that was.

Abe urged the newly elected President, Jimmy Carter, to make peace in the Middle East a priority, and he stood with him in that battle.

Abe Ribicoff also believed deeply that America is a land of opportunity and equal justice. He abhorred discrimination in all its forms. He knew it in his own life.

During his campaign for Governor in 1954, an ugly whispering campaign questioned whether Connecticut was ready for a Jewish Governor. Abe Ribicoff threw aside his notes and answered from the heart:

In this great country of ours, anybody, even a poor kid from immigrant parents in New Britain, [can] achieve any office . . . or any position in private or public life, irrespective of race, color, creed, or religion.

The voters of Connecticut answered by electing Abe Ribicoff their Governor.

In 1956, a young Senator from Massachusetts was mentioned as a possible vice-presidential candidate. Ironically, many Catholics questioned whether America was ready for an Irish Catholic after what had happened to Al Smith less than three decades earlier.

Abe Ribicoff, speaking to the Irish Catholic leadership of the Democratic party, took exception:

"I never thought", he said, "I'd see the day when a man of the Jewish faith had to plead before a group of Irish Catholics about allowing another Irish Catholic to be nominated for the position" of Vice-President.

In 1976, similar questions were raised about whether a born-again Baptist could serve as President of the United States. Without a moment's hesitation, this Connecticut yankee answered: judge the man, judge his ideas. But do not judge his personal faith.

Abraham Ribicoff, this son of Polish Jewish immigrants, lived most of his professional life at the highest, most auspicious levels. He knew his share of Governors, Senators, Presidents, Prime Ministers and Kings.

But he also knew the hardship of growing up poor among the factories and mills of New Britain, Connecticut.

Perhaps those experiences help explain why even as he rose to the highest levels of American public life, he never forgot about those whom he

served. He understood that the power of government, the laws of the land, mean nothing if not harnessed to help ordinary citizens surmount everyday obstacles as well as attain their noblest aspirations.

It's hard to step away from politics. Most politicians don't do it very well. Abe surprised everyone in 1979 when he said he would not run for another term. As he said so often: "there is a time to come, and a time to go."

Abe Ribicoff's impeccable sense of timing was at work again. I remember how proud I was that day in 1980 when he placed my name in nomination for his seat in the United States Senate. Even though he was leaving politics, he offered his assistance.

I suggested we spend an early morning shaking hands with commuters headed for New York. I'll never forget what he said: "Chris, if I were willing to stand in the cold dawn shaking hands on a train platform in Stamford, I'd run again myself."

I consider myself very fortunate to have succeeded Abe in the United States Senate, and to have been able to call on him many times for advice and guidance. No one of my generation could have had a better political mentor or friend.

I have spoken of Abraham Ribicoff as a public servant. He was also a husband, a father, and a very proud grandfather. To you, Casey, and the family I convey—on behalf of Abe's colleagues in the United States Senate and the people of Connecticut—our deepest sorrow.

Allow me to close with an appropriate reading from Hebrew text.

Even a long life ends too soon,

But a good name endures forever.

Blessed is he whose noble deeds remain his memorial

After his life on earth is ended.

#### EULOGY FOR SENATOR ABRAHAM A. RIBICOFF

(By U.S. Circuit Judge Jon O. Newman)

Casey, Jane and Steve, Peter and Mercedes, Peter and Robin, and all the family; Governor Roland, Governor O'Neill, Senators and Members of Congress; and the many friends of Abe Ribicoff.

We are mourning the death yet celebrating the life of one of the most remarkable public figures of our time. The specifics of his career are well known to all of you. Who else in American public life has served as state legislator, state court judge, U.S. Congressman, Governor, cabinet secretary, and three-term U.S. Senator?

But the offices held do not convey the substance of the man. Time does not permit a full chronicling of his achievements nor would such a litany adequately reveal what was most important about the public service of Abe Ribicoff—it was the way he went about the task of translating representative government into action. He did not measure public opinion to see what course was safe. He relied on his instincts, his mind, his heart, and ultimately his conscience to guide him toward leadership roles on the vital issues that confronted his state, his nation, and the world.

He was in the forefront of those issues, often identifying them long before they became politically attractive. In Connecticut, his issues were fiscal responsibility, court re-

form, education, and highway safety. On the national scene, he was a leader in the battles for federal aid to education before that concept became a fact of American life; for Medicare, when that program was just a distant proposal; for welfare reform long before it was understood that welfare needed reforming; and for a host of programs to aid children, medical research, and environmental protection.

Abe Ribicoff believed in civil rights and played a key role in crafting the historic Civil Rights Act of 1964, skillfully bridging the political chasm that separated legislators in the North and the South.

Years later, he led the efforts to create the Department of Education and the Department of Energy.

He was a major figure on the international scene. His issues ranged from free trade to nuclear non-proliferation to strategic arms control. Perhaps his major foreign policy role concerned the Middle East peace effort that culminated in the Camp David Accord. At a time when skeptics doubted the possibility of any progress on that front and politicians feared the risks of trying, he broached the matter forcefully, yet tactfully, to the leadership of Israel and Egypt and to then-President-elect Carter. It was Abe Ribicoff who privately suggested to Anwar Sadat that he make his historic visit to Jerusalem.

Abe Ribicoff was that essential figure in the life of a vibrant democracy—a link between the citizens who gave him their votes and their trust, and the seats of governmental power where he made the system work for the public interest. He won votes but he did not pander. He exercised governmental power but he did not abuse it. He respected people and institutions, and he brought out the best in both.

And always he conducted himself with dignity, and a keen sense of who he was and where he came from. He was at ease with presidents and kings, with corporate leaders in Hartford and shipyard workers in New London.

He was a complex man—at times serious and reserved, at times relaxed and full of cheer; tough when necessary, then warm, sensitive and caring; a man admitted from afar who won devotion from those who knew him well.

It seemed to me that there was a wonderful blend of characteristics in this uncommon man—always the urbane sophistication yet on occasion just a trace of innocence that never left the son of immigrant parents whose climb to the top began in a tenement on Star Street in New Britain.

Connecticut was always in his heart. He loved the State, its cities and towns, its villages and countryside, and especially his beloved Cornwall.

Throughout his career, he enjoyed the loyalty and dedication of his staff members, and he always encouraged their advancement to careers on their own. I can assure you that when Abe Ribicoff was in your corner, your changes to success were immeasurably improved. He sponsored my entire public and judicial career, and he was my closest friend in public life.

In an era of widespread cynicism about the political and governmental systems of our Nation, Abe Ribicoff lived the sort of public life that represented the best in the American democracy. He did so because he believed in that democracy.

On the night he needed his campaign for governor in 1954, this is what he said to the people of Connecticut:

"When I was a boy growing up in New Britain, Connecticut, as a young boy I would walk to the outskirts of the town through the fields, heavy with the smell of summer

growth, and I would lie under a tree and I would dream. Yes, I dreamed the American Dream. And what was the American Dream?

"Frankly, at that time, I never dreamed that some day I would be a nominee for governor. I knew this great country because I had studied its history, and loved it. I knew that in this great country, any boy or girl could dream the dreams that could send them vaulting to the sky, no matter high. I knew that in America generations after generations, no matter how humble, could rise to any position in the United States of America, whether it be in private industry, in business, in the professions, or in government.

"Now, it is not important whether I win or lose—that is not important tonight at all. The important thing, ladies and gentleman, is that Abe Ribicoff is not here to repudiate the American Dream. Abe Ribicoff believes in that American dream and I know that the American dream can come true. I believe it from the bottom of my heart, and your sons and daughters, too, can have the American dream come true."

Abe Ribicoff helped make democracy work, and he served throughout his extraordinary career as he lived and as he died—with decent instincts, with integrity, and with dignity. He loved his family, his God, his state, and his country, and all of us who knew him have lasting memories of a remarkable human being.

#### ELOQUENT TRIBUTES TO "GOOSE" McADAMS

Mr. KENNEDY. Mr. President, earlier this year, Michael E. McAdams, a respected consultant and friend to many of us here in Washington, D.C., passed away.

Mr. McAdams—affectionately known as "Goose" by his many friends and associates—was a passionate, intelligent, effective advisor and consultant. During his extraordinary career, he worked closely with me, with our colleagues Senator DODD, Senator BIDEN, and Senator PELL as well as with Speaker Tip O'Neill and many others, and we admired and respected him very much.

In addition, Goose worked abroad with the National Democratic Institute. To citizens of South Africa, Botswana, Czechoslovakia, and many other countries, he brought his vast knowledge of the institutions of democracy, and his fervent belief that democracy is the best hope for freedom and political stability.

At his funeral, the eulogies by Senator DODD and by Goose's friend Joseph Hasset recalled Goose's extraordinary life in very moving terms. I ask unanimous consent that these eloquent tributes be printed in the RECORD.

There being no objection, the tributes were ordered printed in the RECORD as follows:

MICHAEL EGAN McADAMS

September 5, 1944—February 25, 1998

"FINAL WORDS FOR MY FRIEND"

(By Christopher J. Dodd)

Hope, Steve and Simon, Wootie and Peter—this is for you.

Walt Whitman said "Logic and sermons never convince." The same could be said of eulogies.

There's no way to say good-bye to your best friend.

A friend made at any time of life is a treasure. But a friend made in youth and kept for life is the rarest, most wonderful gift. Michael and I shared that gift for nearly our entire lives.

So, little did I suspect that cold January morning, waiting for the Georgetown Prep School bus at the corner of Wisconsin and Q Streets, that the goofy looking, gangly, string bean of a 14 year old—with arms and legs flailing like a windmill, loping down the street, would become my closest pal over the next 40 years.

I was about to meet my new classmate, Michael Egan McAdams, ever after to be known as Goose—the Goose, Gooser, the Goo, and many other variations of the name.

People often asked how Goose obtained his nickname. Like any good story, there are competing versions. Jay Hickey has his. I have mine. And since I'm the one up here speaking, I'll give you what will from now on be considered the official version.

I gave him the name.

As a schoolboy, he had long legs and a long neck. He also loved basketball, and had a special fondness for a Harlem Globetrotter named Goose Tatum.

Anyway, the name stuck with him for life and he never complained.

And when you think about it, why should he have complained?

The goose is a noble creature. The goose is loyal for life.

The goose flies in a flock to protect his fellow travelers.

And when not in flight, the goose rests in gaggles, where he builds large comfortable nests with his companions.

The goose is neither a duck, nor a swan. It is something separate, with its own classification. That was our Goose, too. He was special. And we felt special when he stretched his long arms to welcome us into his company.

There's an old saying from around the time of the Civil War: "The goose hangs high." It means that all is wonderful, and it refers to the fact that geese fly higher in good weather.

With our Goose, we, too, flew high. His enthusiasm for life was infectious. He shared with us his love of politics, language and friends. He loved the bright uncluttered light of the Eastern Shore. With him, life always offered a fresh idea, a good story, a laugh to share.

Over the next four decades of our friendship, much of Goose's physical appearance changed for the better, thank God.

The clothes he wore that January day years ago, however, remained virtually unchanged over the years. Shirt tail hanging out—shoes that defied description and pants whose cuffs were not only never introduced to his socks, but did not even come close to meeting them.

But the "piece de resistance", the trademark, the symbol, by which we could all spot Goose in a crowd for the rest of our lives, was the sport jacket.

The mangiest piece of apparel I had ever seen. Yellowish/brown in color—with holes and fuzz balls all over—lapels an 1/8 of an inch wide and a hem that hung just above his skinny butt.

While I am confident Goose must have bought several of these sport coats over the years, I'm not absolutely certain that the one he was wearing the day we met is different than the one he insisted on being buried in today.

Now, to the unacquainted, Goose must have appeared just a sloppy guy. But to those gathered here today to say good-bye to our friend, it says far less about Goose's wardrobe than it does about the wonderful person wearing that coat.

On his list of priorities, Goose has always placed himself last. Throughout the years that I knew him, Goose was always doing for others—helping plan events, talking to friends' children, or just listening to our streams of woe.

I cannot recall a single instance when Goose was not available to his friends. I can't recall a single major event in my own life over these past 40 years when my pal Goose was not at my side.

And while we had a very special relationship, I know that many of you gathered here today had a similar connection with Goose.

During those intense four days earlier this week at the Arlington Hospital, I found myself getting angry with Goose's selfishness, for not taking better care of himself. I got angry at myself and others for selfishly asking too much of Goose over the years.

And then, despite my very deep and unconsolable grief at the loss of my friend, I realized that Goose—the 14 year old boy I met so long ago, and the man I said I loved and good-bye to 5 minutes before he died—loved people, loved his friends, loved being involved in the lives of the people he cared so much about. So rather than spend time analyzing Goose's life, let us just accept the fact that more or less, Goose lived life the way he wanted to, and we, whom he called friends for however long or short a time—were given a glorious gift from God.

Now I am not going to take you on a maudlin 40 year journey of our friendship. Some of the best times Goose and I had together, I am going to enjoy remembering all by myself.

Goose's interests were not restricted. In fact, one of the most appealing qualities was his curiosity, but throughout the years of our friendship, three things have remained constant: His love of politics, his love of words and his devotion and loyalty to his friends.

Bear with me while I share a few memories. Throughout his life, Goose was a Yellow-dog Democrat.

From the time he entered the hospital, Goose would drift in and out of sleep.

On the occasions when he was awake, politics was on his mind. "Why did you vote for that Ronald Reagan Airport?" he asked. "I heard your latest polls were up, have you checked the cross-tabs?" And when I suggested that I should bow out of giving the eulogy at Senator Abe Ribicoff's funeral in New York, he waved at me with something less than all five fingers and gave me the sign to get up to New York and do my job. Always the campaign manager!

Goose's family were Adlai Stevenson Democrats and he loved being around politics. In January 1961, we hiked to President Kennedy's Gala in the snow and watched the Inaugural Parade together all the next day.

It was at Georgetown Prep that I painfully learned how not only interested Goose was in politics, but also, how adept he was at the game. My good friends Jay Hickey, Paul Bergson and I ran against each other for the office of Vice President of the Yard.

For whatever reason, probably because I characteristically got into the race late, Goose had signed on as Jay's campaign manager.

And even though Goose designed posters for me which read, "In Dodd We Trust," "Holy Dodd We Praise Thy Name," and "All Glory to Dodd"—which for obvious reasons the good Jesuits would not allow up—Jay won the race.

I did not know what the future would hold for me in those days, but I made a promise to myself that I would never enter another political contest without Goose at my side. And that is where he has been for a quarter of a century.